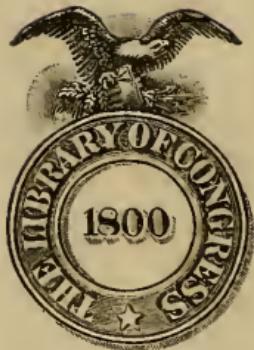




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SONGS IN MINORITY

—
DE MENEIL



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The Literature of the Louisiana Territory.

By ALEXANDER NICOLAS DE MENIL,
A.M., PH.D., LL.D.

Director Louisiana Purchase Exposition
Company, and Vice-Chairman of the
Historical Committee.

The history of the literature and the educational development of the Louisiana Territory from the earliest times to the present day. With critical and biographical sketches of Audubon, Brackenridge, Senator Benton, Albert Pike, Gayarre, "Mark Twain", Geo. W. Cable, Eugene Field, "Chas. Egbert Craddock", Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Ruth McEnery Stuart and fifty others, and selections from their works; chapters on the first books, the French Authors of the Territory, the Authors of Louisiana, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, Arkansas, the Dakotas, etc. A bold and fearless book that contains much hitherto unwritten literary history. Cloth; price, \$1.50.

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SONGS IN MINORITY



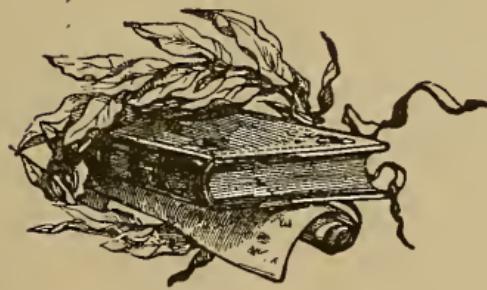
SONGS IN MINORITY

BY

ALEXANDER NICOLAS DE MENIL

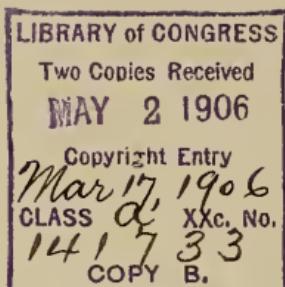
AUTHOR OF

"THE LITERATURE OF THE LOUISIANA
TERRITORY", ETC.



ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI
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ALEXANDER NICOLAS DE MENIL

MARCH

c n c e
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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER
I DEDICATE THIS BOOK
THE FIRST COLLECTION OF MY
EARLIEST ASPIRATIONS

*Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy
When I was young!*

—S. T. COLERIDGE.



PREFACE

The majority of these verses were written when the Author was in his eighteenth year; the remainder when he was in his nineteenth and twentieth years. Nearly all of them appeared in print between the years 1868 and 1875, in New York and St. Louis magazines, weekly literary papers, and the Sunday issues of daily newspapers. With a very few exceptions, they were contributed to the *Inland Monthly*, the *De La Salle Monthly*, the *St. Louis Ladies' Magazine*, the *New York Weekly*, the *New York Literary Album*, the *St. Louis Home Journal*, the *Missouri Republican* (now the *St. Louis Republic*), the *Missouri Democrat* (now the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*), and the *Sunday Herald* of East St. Louis, Illinois.

Years ago, it was the Author's intention to collect them in book form, but through negligence, want of self-confidence, a lapse of interest in literary matters, and the painful recognition of an ever-decreasing public appreciation of poetry, through all these years they remained neglected, and even at times, forgotten. The success of a more serious work which the Author published two years ago, added to a reviving interest in poetry, leads to his finally collecting these verses in a more permanent form than they have existed in during the past thirty-odd years. Whether such a step is wise or not, must be left to the decision of an indulgent public to whose leniency he is already heavily indebted.

There is much in these verses that the Author does not approve of in these later days; but it must be borne in mind that they were, with a few exceptions, the work of a mere boy in his eighteenth and nineteenth years, and they should be given to the world as they were written, and not in the corrected and improved state in which he, grown to middle age, would have them to-day. They should be judged in conjunction with the early period of life in which they were written;

if they have any merit, it is of the kind that can be due to youth only; if they are to be condemned, the present age of the Author should not be associated with such condemnation.

Looking at them in the light of the broader, more liberal view and the loving charity for "all things beneath the sun" that come only with age and experience, the Author is sadly conscious that some of these verses are pervaded by a morbid sentimentality and are redolent with an atmosphere of despair and hopelessness, that happily find only an occasional echo in the poetry of to-day. The poetry of the day in which they were written was largely tinged by the misanthropic defiance of Byron, the philosophic melody of Shelley, the funereal sadness of Poe, and the startling metric surprises of Hood. Living, aspiring, struggling in this atmosphere, what wonder if the Author, at times, caught the tone and the ruling sentiments of the time, and growing imbued with their melancholy sadness, sung in accord with the predominant note of the age?

THE AUTHOR.

St. Louis, March 20, 1906.

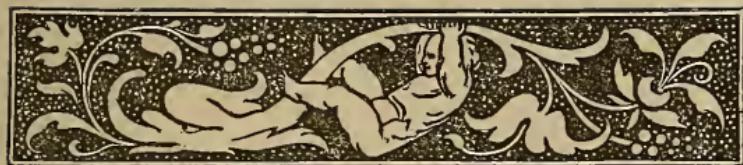


TABLE OF CONTENTS

WOOD-NOTES

SNOW FLAKES	15
THE BLUE BIRD	19
THE SONG OF IXUS	22
A MOWING CAROL	27
A SPRING IDYL	30
CORMAHL	32

LOVE

MONA LEE	43
PEERLESS, BUT COLD	46
TO ULALA — IN DESPAIR	48
THE MAID OF CHAMOUNI	50
THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE	53
ANNETTE, MY PET	56
LAURINA CLARE	58

DEATH

THE LONG AGO	63
IN DARK DAYS	65
A DIRGE FOR ONE DEAD	67
EUTHANASIA	70
LAURA MAYNE	73
THE DEATH OF SERGEANT JASPER	76

MISCELLANEOUS

A BRIDAL TOAST	85
THRENODY	87
THE DREAM OF FAME	89
ARKADI	93
O MORTAL BE NOT PROUD	94



WOOD - NOTES

*Nature is man's best teacher. She unfolds
Her treasures to his search, unseals his eye,
Illumes his mind, and purifies his heart,
An influence breathes from all the sights
and sounds
Of her existence; she is wisdom's self.*

— ALFRED B STREET'S “Poems.”



SNOW FLAKES.

I.

Silvery, glittering flakes of snow,
How they come and go !
Filling the sky above,
Cov'ring the earth below.
Ever drifting, drifting,
Ever shifting, shifting ;
Ever falling, falling
On the placid bosoms
 Of the lakes ; —
Fleecy flakes
Of pure crystal snow,
Ever dying, dying
As the streams are lying
Quiet, or wand'ring to and fro
 And the rivers flow.

They are purer and more bright,
Softer and more white,
Than the richest pearl ;
Crystal flakes of snow —
How they chase each other
With a whirl, whirl,
And a twirl, twirl,
As they go !

Then they mingle and they blend
As their downward course they wend —
Blend as they descend,
While the joyous people,
Heav'n and earth between,
Smiling faces lend
To the scene.

Falling in a sleet —
Pearly flakes,
Now they're overhead,
Now they're at your feet —
To be trampled, shuffled, lost,
Mercilessly tossed,
Or else wedded with the filth —
Horrid filth and slime —
Of the street.

Ah ! me, they should fall
From the azure realms of sky,
But to be polluted — die —
On a sphere that's so unmeet !

II.

Man's immortal soul is like
Snow flakes pending in mid air.
First 'tis beautiful and fair ;
When 't falls into crime,
It is trampled in the slime
Of its Maker's wrath, —
Trampled like the flakes of snow
When they fall below ;
If it takes the path
Leading to its God —
Passes 'neath the rod,
It remains pure, beautiful,
Like the flakes of snow
Ere they fall
From their skyey wall
To the sinful world below.

III.

Ah! me, some triumphal day,
Crystal flakes of snow,
Gently, peacefully will fall
When the pain, the woe —
When the fever here below —
When it all
Will be done!
When the tired brain,
And the weary heart,
Free from thought and free from pain,
Peacefully shall rest
Once again
Lovingly on Nature's breast,
'Neath the shelt'ring trees,
'Neath a shroud of snow, —
Pride, ambition, failure — all
Sleeping peacefully, I trow,
Under falling flakes,
'Neath a coverlid of snow, —
When the fever's course has run,
When the comedy is done!

(October 3, 1867.)



THE BLUE BIRD.

The blue bird carries the sky
on his back.—THOREAU.

Bird of the light wing,
 Bird of the brown breast,
Herald of earth's spring !

First of the minstrels
 Out of the west,
Joy do thy notes bring
 Hearts that are winter'd ;
Softly of green grass,
 Brooks gently murmur'ring,
Trees with green branches
 In the wind swaying,
Shade and light air, thou

Merrily dost sing,
Bird of the blue wing.

Bird of the light wing,
Welcome thou'rt ever ;
Flowers rebudding,
Nature renaissant,
Thunder storms, lightning
Terrible, mystic ;
Rain, and drops patt'ring
Here on my window ;
These, the glad tidings
Yearly thou dost bring,
Bird of the blue wing.

Bird of the light wing,
Master of sweet lays
Ever beguiling,
Turn'st thou sorrow
Into glad smiling,—
“Joy and oblivion”
Ever a singing.
Blessings attend thee,
Nomad of ether,

Bird of the blue wing,
Minstrel of fair spring !

Bird of the light wing,
Bird of the brown breast,
Linger long near us,
Here build thy frail nest....
Vain is the wish, vain,
Lo ! he has flown past —
Gone to the cloud-west
Ere Winter's cold star
Sank to its year-rest.
Then, to thee, good-by,
Herald of green Spring,
Bird of the blue wing !

(October 8, 1867.)



THE SONG OF IXUS.

From the French of Hégésippe Moreau.*

I.

Open! I am Ixus the poor mistletoe of oak
that a gust of wind would kill.

One day, twelve years ago, a pigmy dropped
from the lion-skin of Hercules.
That pigmy it was I.

My father loved me not because I was small
and weak. Whilst a child, when
I threw myself at his knees, I heard
above my head a voice angry as
a storm.

My brothers beat me when I called them aloud
my brothers. Still, I want to live, for
I have a sister — a sister who loves me.

She is so good, Macaria !
Open, I am Ixus the poor mistletoe of oak
that a gust of wind would kill.

II.

My brothers said to me one day :
“ Be good at something. Learn to rear statues
and altars, for we will be gods,
perhaps ! ”

I tried to obey my brothers, but the chisel
and the hammer were very heavy !
Besides, strange visions and unending, ever
and ever passed between me
and the Parian block.

My distracted fingers wrote in the dust
a name — always the same :
The soft name of Macaria !
Open, I am Ixus the poor mistletoe of oak
that a gust of wind would kill.

III.

My brothers then said to me :
“ We have a guest in the castle, a white-

haired elder of Chaldea who reads
in the sky things to come.

Heed well his lessons and tell us if you see
in the clouds, for us, coming treasures
or coming victories.”

I listened to the elder.

I passed long and serene nights in contemplation
of the heavens, but I saw neither
treasures nor victories.

I saw only stars bright and moist
that looked down on me with love
like the eyes of Macaria!

Open, I am Ixus the poor mistletoe of oak
that a gust of wind would kill.

IV.

My brothers then said to me:

“ Take a bow and arrows and hunt in the
woods.”

And I hunted in the woods with a bow and
arrows; but I soon forgot the chase
and my brothers.

While I listened to the singing of the winds
and the nightingales, a hind ate

the bread in my robe, and a little bird
tired by a long flight, lit in my quiver
and went to sleep.

I brought it to Macaria.

Open, I am Ixus the poor mistletoe of oak
that a gust of wind would kill.

V.

My brothers then said to me :

“ You are good at nothing,” and they beat me ;
but I did not cry because I was thinking
of my sister.

To-morrow she will be taken away from me.

To-morrow, when Macaria seated at the bridal
banquet, will say :

“ What is that blue smoke that arises from
behind that forest of laurels ? ”

“ O, it is nothing,” the guests will answer.

It will be the funeral pile of Ixus the poor
mistletoe of oak that a gust of wind
will have killed !

(January, 1867.)

* HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU was born in Paris in

1810. He had the misfortune of losing his parents at an early age and was brought up in Provins by charity. At eighteen years of age he returned to Paris where he died in 1838, at the age of twenty-eight, from the effect of dissipation. During his checkered life he successively filled the positions of school-master, proof-reader, editor, etc.

As a poet he was one of the most promising France ever produced. He was equally happy in song, elegy or satire. His style was often bold and strongly original. Probably no authors of the past, except Ossian and Fénelon (the author of “*The Adventures of Telemachus*”) can lay claim to a more graceful and remarkable originality.

Moreau left us three works : “*Les Myosotis*,” “*Diogène*” and “*Contes à ma Sœur*. ” In 1873 they were reprinted by Michel Lévy, *Frères*, in an ordinary-sized volume of a little less than three hundred pages. “*Contes à ma Sœur*” is a small volume of short stories ; from one of these “*Le Gui de Chêne*” (“The Mistletoe of Oak”) I translate “*The Song of Ixus*. ”



A MOWING CAROL.

List' to the merry mowers' singing,
Tuned to the polished scythes' ringing
 In the swaying field ;
All day long the earth they're cleaning,
Mixing song and shout and gleanings,
Scarcely for a moment leaning
 O'er the scythes they wield.

Yonder see the eyes a-beaming
Of the village belles half-dreaming,
 List'ning to the song
Of the mowers as they're bending,
Earthward the rich harvest sending,
Toiling with a will unending,
 Worthy of the throng.

How each maiden's heart is waiting
Restless, till the hour of mating
For the homeward way ;
See their gentle bosoms heaving,
As their idle brains are weaving
Threads of gold through lives, believing
Love is for alway !

Hear the birds on high a-singing
As the mid-air they are winging,—
Singing to their mates ;
Or, on yonder branches sitting,
From this limb to that a-flitting,
Ever with a grace befitting
To their happy states.

* * * * *

Lo ! the golden, crimson sun
Disappears in gathering dun,—
Westward rolls the day ;
Of the sweet content they've won,
Of the work that day they've done,
Sing the mowers now as one,
In a chorused lay.

Look away ! oh, look away !
Maidens innocent and gay,
Mowers lithe and strong,
Now are on the homeward way,
And to love the throng,
Rightly does belong.
Then away ! let us away !
Surely 't would be wrong
Here to loiter or to stay,
While they trod the homeward way !

(March 30, 1869.)



A SPRING IDYL.

From Winter's icy hand the scepter now has
passed,

And vernal Spring, the poet-sung, has come at
last

With plenteous smiles playing athwart her
bounteous face,

Before whose witcheries Care and Trouble flee
apace.

The stormy, blustering March began the season
fair,

Her milder sister, drizzling April, 's now
bedight;

Soon flow'ry May in gaudiest robes a month can
wear,

Will bloom and wither — fade into the Sum-
mer's light.

Now passed are the lonely orphan's bitter foes —
Keen hunger, Winter's icy breath and drifting
snows ;

Unpitiful death no longer stares him in the face,
For Spring has clad him in the mantle of his
grace.

Oh budding, bright and green are the primeval
woods again !

As beautiful beneath this gentle, shimmering
rain,

As ever they before white winter dropped her
shroud

Of snow and hid their fairness 'neath a passing
cloud.

Great Mother Earth with velvet green is girdled
round,

The budding branch with joyous songsters
fills the tree,

The garden-land with flow'ry crests will soon be
crowned ;

Oh may our earthly Springs thus ever lovely
be !

(March 3, 1869.)



CORMAHL.

An Imitation of Ossian — Versified.

ARGUMENT: CORMAHL, the last of his line, and ULVINN, Chief of Duah-Tormyl, met in the chase. The memory of the feud between their fathers kindled the flame of hereditary hate. A battle ensued in which the vassals of CORMAHL are defeated and he himself made prisoner. borne to Duah-Tormyl and confined in a dungeon from which he escapes during the night, he is warned of his approaching fate by the spirit of one of his ancestors; and finally turning upon his pursuers, darts his spear into the heart of ULVINN, but dies by the weapons of overpowering numbers.

A song of the deeds of old, of warriors bold !

“ Over the heath, roll on thy mists, O night !
Roll on ! Be thy clouds upon the hills unbright,
And thy voice, shrill of thy blasts, lift up on
high.

For darker my soul than the gloom of thy mists
could hie,

And mighty the storm of my grief. Not single
ray,

There comes of hope and loveliness to begay
My heart, nor sound of joy unto my ear.

Alone by sounds of sullen streams, I hear
Naught on the wild. Unbearing of hunter's will
And cry of chase the breeze blows on ; and still
The yelp of hound, and silent as the grave
The hind in her fern. Slumbers the hunter in
his cave

Amidst the moss, and his dark-hued hounds are
dreaming

Stretched around. And in the gloom a-seeming
Are near the tombs of the mighty of years that
are fled.

I see the gray stones of their fame — not dead.
And the heave of their grass-grown cairns ;
joyous your ways

In the career of your youths, O ! sons of
departed days.

Lovely ye were in your strength and great in the
light

Of steel ; but the hour of feebleness —
midnight —

Is come and your mighty spirits rejoice and fill
The shadowy chase of clouds. When whistles
shril

The blast on the hill and sweeps ye to the hall
Of your sires, shall the stones of my fame arise.

When all

And the last of my battles, O ! sons of dreary
night

Is oe'r, the grassy turf — by dark and light —
Of the narrow house is my place of rest, I'll bend
At dark from my couch of clouds with eager ear
To list to the voices of my praise that'll wend
In the songs of other times, when faded and sere
The gray-haired bard sits by the beam of oak,
And the withered hand of age with exultant
stroke

Wanders amid the strings of harps, a thousand
Fair heroes seeming round, and silence's wand
A-reigning in the halls of shields and fame.

“ On high,
Uphang the spear of my strength, with my
helmet nigh,

When my last field is fought. Let gather the
rust

Upon their brightness ; only will remain the
dust

Of a hero ; let the terrors of my spear sleep in its
sheath,

No more will CORMAHL'S race be on the heath.

“ Alone am I on the face of the earth, the last
Of the race of the mighty, of the mighty whose
deeds are passed.

But my course, a Bard of song, shall be as
bright

As the silver moon on a Winter's cloudless night
When she sails on high in a silver bath, and her
ray

The dim mists evanescent, fades away.

“ As my fathers of old shall I fall, when the
strife of the spear

Is heard, and the roar of the battle's tide, and
ere

The sons of the feeble smile on my failing hand,
And dim is the pride of my soul and the pride
of my land.

In their mighty blasts my fathers shall rejoice
When the tales of the last of the deeds of the
mighty gain voice.

“ Over the heath roll on thy mists, O night?
Roll on, be thy clouds upon the hills unbright.”

Thus spoke CORMAHL on the heath of mists of
old,

CORMAHL of a mighty race of heroes bold,
By the oak of age he leaned on the beam of his
spear,

His dark locks streaming to the blasts, and e'er
His eye of blue turned to the east. For high
Was the pride of his soul and he longed with
expectant sigh

For the light of morn to rush on the foes of
might.

And mighty were they the foes of thy strength in
the light

Of steel, O last of a valiant race. Dark night
No darker was than the cloud of their hosts.

The rage

Of thy hero-fathers was no more, grim age

Had borne them to the skies, broken as a child,
And thy steps, CORMAHL, alone were on the wild.

Met CORMAHL of many battles and of warriors'
race,

And ULVINN, chief of spears, in the wild chase
Of shaggy boars. The wrath of their souls
arose

For while the years were few their fathers were
foes.

By the rush and the noise of streams they fought.
Dreadful

Were the deeds of their spears, chiefs of the
gloomy, fearful

Brows. But ULVINN was mighty, and like the
day

The heroes of CORMAHL around him faded away.

Night closed upon their chief in strange hands
And captive in the cell of gloom ; the bands
Of thraldom burst he in his dark despair,
And fled in his strength to the heath of mists.

And there

Arose a distant murmur ; ghastly, grim,
A ghost, dark on his couch of clouds, o'er him

Stood in his misty robes. His shadowy spear
He waived and pointed to the main: "O sere
And ghastly shade," CORMAHL said, "on the
blast

Why comest thou? Would'st warn me from the
last

Field of my fame? O son of might and fear,
Fly to thy place of rest. What would'st thou
here?

Thou art not of CORMAHL's race, O specter sere!
For mighty were their deeds in war; rejoiced
Their spirits in the strife of spears; the silent-
voiced

And moss-grown tombs of heroes on other shores
Are records of their deeds, and speak the fame
Of my course, and a thousand bards will sing
my name

In the songs of other years. Fly to thy place
Of rest, O son of night and fear!"

And heard

The shade of the mighty the words of CORMAHL
the last

Of his line — the last of mighty heroes' race,
And departed with joy, for pleasant is the word

Of their praise and fair renown to the ghosts of
the past;

But dark with anger was CORMAHL's soul, for he
knew

His hour was near, and the warning of the ghost
was true.

Morn rose in loveliness. The wrath of ULVINN
woke,

His heroes snatched their eager spears and broke
The silence. They poured o'er the misty heath
And struck their sounding shields with the
spears of death.

Who comes in the pride of gleaming arms? In
the light

Of steel? O CORMAHL of the gloomy brow,
Swift was thy step to the field, and swift the
flight

Of thy fatal spear to the heart of ULVINN. He
fell

In the pride of his course, nor unrevenged the
fall

Of the mighty chief of Duah-Tormyl — all
The spears of Duah-Tormyl whirled through the
mists

Of morn, and a hundred wounds of death were
the doom

Of CORMAHL, last of the race of the mighty.
He sunk

In the light of his fame, as a stately pine in its
bloom,

When its leafy honors are green in the summer
air.

The stones of his fame are reared on the dark
brown heath

Of death, by the mighty roll of sullen streams ;
The grim and shadowy spirits of his race flit there
On the blasts of night when the moon's silvery
beams

Are dim in the mists and the roar of torrents
around !

O sons of the chase, disturb not CORMAHL'S
dreams !

A song of the deeds of old, of warriors bold !

(July, 1868.)

LOVE

— Be sure, my friend,
*There is a time for love; when fancy still
Found worlds of beauty ever rising new
To the transported eye; when flattering hope
Form'd endless prospects of increasing bliss;
And still the credulous heart believ'd the mall,
Ev'n more than love could promise.*

— THOMPSON'S “*Sophonisba.*”



MONA LEE.

O peerless Mona Lee !

O rare, proud Mona Lee !

And so you've spurned the love I pledged

For frivolous gayety ?

Ah, well, then have your way ;

Your love, if love it was, was fledged ;

Yet ere we part, one word — but one :

You will regret this day,

'Twill be your darkest 'neath the sun — .

And darker still for love of me,

Rare Mona Lee !

O queenly Mona Lee !

O beautiful Mona Lee !

When you will turn heartsick away

From Pleasure's dream and Fashion's sway ;

When dead your hopes and cold deceit
Your suff'ring glance alone will greet;

When you will sigh,
With tearful eye

Turned to the vast above —

“ Ah, God, what might have been,
Had not this woman’s proud conceit
Strangled his awful love
That worshiped me as queen ! ”
Ah, then perhaps you’ll sigh for me,

Proud Mona Lee !

O airy Mona Lee !

O heartless Mona Lee !

When brazen faced men will jeer,
And pure, true women blush,—
When shame your face will flush
As you go by ; when you will fear
Your very self, — ah, then, will sneer
At my simple, harmless ways,
Curl up your proud, disdainful lip
As in other, better days ?
Oh, no, from you such thoughts you’ll whip,
Not thus will you then think of me,

Cold Mona Lee !

O sweetness Mona Lee !

O pride named Mona Lee !

When the gay world that you so much

Do love will scorn your very touch ;

When through your soul Despair's dark cry

Will ring : “ O God, that I could die ! ”

Ah, then, perhaps when thus alone,

You'll think of happiness once known —

Of happiness that still would be,

Had you been true

As I to you,

Poor Mona Lee !

(December, 1868.)



PEERLESS BUT COLD.

“ Peerless but cold, and cold and false,”
 ’Twas this they said to me ;
 “ But such thing cannot be,”
 I said to my heart, “ she’s good and sweet,
 And none more sweet to thee.”

“ Athleen, I love the languor-wealth
 Of thy dark and Southern eye ;
 Nor will my heart deny,
 Its heaven’s to linger nigh
 When the dulcet tones of thy rich voice
 In dreamy cadence die.

“ O sweet, they say I see thee with
 A poet’s vision-mind ;

Ah, well, love *may* be blind,
Yet a heart more warm and kind,
A form more fair, a soul more pure,
I do not seek to find !

“Thou art my all ; thy voice, thine eye,
They hold a charm for me,—
A charm alike the sea,
When sighing plaintively
It holds entranced the soul : yea, thus
It is I belong to thee !

“Peerless Athleen ! here at thy feet
My heart’s love let me own :
O sweet, for *thee* alone ” — —
She’s cold as passive stone !
Alas, my heart, ’tis always thus
That mercy’s to thee shown !

“Peerless but cold, and cold and false,”
’Tis thus they say to me ;
“Ah, such a thing can be,”
I say to my heart, “she may be sweet,
And good, — but not to thee ! ”

(July 23, 1869.)



TO ULALA—IN DESPAIR.

AN INVOCATION.

The world is dead and bleak,—
Heart's dearest shun me not!
From thee only a smile I seek —
From thee sweet comfort, rest, I seek ;
Ulala, shun me not!

My pathway's laid with snares, —
Heart's dearest shun me not!
The strength of crime my love yet dares —
The power of crime my soul yet dares ;
Ulala, shun me not!

I find dark, black deceit —
(Heart's dearest shun me not !) —
Where'er I turn my wandering feet, —

Where'er may stray my bleeding feet;
Ulala, shun me not!

In this my darkest hour,
Heart's dearest, shun me not!
Thine arms only to save have power,—
Thy kiss only to cheer has power;
Ulala, shun me not!

(August, 1869.)



THE MAID OF CHAMOUNI.

Glad, glad is my heart, and my thoughts they
are gay,

For fond memory roves to a realm far away,
On this natal day.

There's a brook arched above by a gray and
worn bridge;

An ivy-clad cottage perched high on the ridge,
And the sighing Adige.

With a maid of fair Italy, my thoughts they are
there,

With her dark and brown eyes and her raven
black hair —

Eulalie the fair!

I fondle and press her brown hands close in
mine,

And I read in her eyes that full love, half-divine,
That maddens the soul as the fumes of the wine
 Of the richest vine !

My love, O come back ! O come back ! here to me
From thy pilgrimage near the great Queen of the
Sea,

To thy own and fair vale of the green Chamouni,
Where I pine and I wait in sad longing for thee,
 My own Eulalie.

Come fly with me love to the land of the West,
There resting thy weary young head on my
breast.

We'll love and we'll dream the sweet dream of
the blest,
 In love's holy rest !

* * * *

Lo ! now be ye gone, ye harsh days of grim
sadness,
For I love, and I live in her face's gladness —
 In her happiness !

Aye, I revel and I live in the love of my
pride,—

I revel and I live in the soul of my bride,

My own Eulalie,

My dear Eulalie,

The Maid of the Vale of the green Chamouni!

(August 26, 1868.)



THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE.

I trust that never more in this world's shade
Thine eyes will be upon me; never more
Thy face come back to me. For thou hast made
My whole life sore.
Fare hence and be forgotten — sing thy song,
And braid thy brow,
And be beloved and beautiful — and be
In beauty baleful still — a serpent queen
To others not yet cursed in loving thee
As I have been. — OWEN MEREDITH.

When your heart will be bowed and its gloom
will find voice in your song,
When the scenes of the past in your mind as
dread phantoms will throng, —
When your mind will be haunted with the curse
of my terrible wrong,

When your breast in its sorrow will heave its
dead burden of sighs,—

When your soul in its misery will live in a world
of your sighs,

When the tears of repentance will dim the bright
luster of your eyes,—

You'll remember me!

When the demon men call by the name of base
Mockery will rule —

When the child — putrid child — of a demon-
born passion will rule,

And when Pride, grim and gaunt, its half-sister,
thy innocent heart,

In the deadliest paths of the world, in the sub-
tlest art,

With the freshest-born lisps from the lips of the
damned will school —

With the moans and the curses from the ulcered
lips of a ghoul, —

You'll remember me!

When the meaningless words — call them
words! — of a meaningless love —

When the emptiest words — they are sounds ! —
 of an emptiest love
Will be sighed in your ear, oh ! your thoughts
 to my truth then will rove, —
To my truth which was pure as the faith of the
 angels above : —
You are doomed to revert to the demon Despair,
 to remember
Those happiest and purest of days in the passed
 September,—
 You'll remember me !

(September, 1869.)



ANNETTE, MY PET.

And why so cold to-day, Annette,
Pray why so cold to-day?
Methinks if thou dost love me, pet,
Mine eyes should chase thy gloom away.

Smooth back that awful frown, Annette,
Smooth back that awful frown ;
It ill becomes thy brow, my pet,
With its wealth of height from eye to crown.

Push back that wanton tress, Annette,
Push back that wanton tress ;
It shades your faultless lip, my pet,
With the soft, sweet bliss it yields a caress,—
With the rich, rare joy it yields, my pet,
As lip to lip in our love we press.

And why that look in thine eye, Annette,
That look in thine eye of brown?
Have I done aught to harm thee, pet,
Or mar thy good and fair renown?

Let a smile creep over your face, Annette,
Let a smile play over your face;
'Twere a sin to spoil its beauty, pet,
With all its wealth of Gallic grace.

'Twas but a slight caprice, Annette?
A slight caprice, you say?
Whoso' would keep love fast, my pet,
Needs give love equal warmth alway,—
She who'd keep love till the morrow, pet,
Must treat it fair on each to-day!

(July, 1869.)



LAURINA CLARE.

(*For Music.*)

Each subtle art
To storm my heart ;
Each winning smile
And tender wile ;
Each pose and grace
And studied face,
Oft' has thou tried, but tried in vain,

Laurina Clare.

Wert thou the fairest of the fair,
I'd tell thee no, no, never !
There is a nearer,
There is a dearer ;
Laurina Clare,
I laugh at thee forever.

Thy golden hair,
Thy forehead fair ;
Thy heaving breast,
Enticing rest ;
Thy soft white hand,
Fit to command,
All useless are, sweet sunny-tressed
Laurina Clare.

Wert thou the fairest of the fair,
I'd tell thee no, no, never !
There is a nearer,
There is a dearer ;
Laurina Clare,
I'll laugh at thee forever.

Thy slender waist,
Thy mien so chaste ;
Thy Saxon eye
Blue as yon sky !
May well defy
All rivalry,
But hold no empire over me,
Laurina Clare.
Wert thou the fairest of the fair,
I'd tell thee no, no, never !

There is a nearer,
There is a dearer ;
Laurina Clare,
I'll laugh at thee forever.

Then striving still,
Pursue thy will ;
Call Nature, Art,
To play their part,
I know thy aim,
'Tis gold — a name,
And further mattereth not to me,
Laurina Clare.

Wert thou the fairest of the fair,
I'd tell thee no, no, never !
There is a nearer,
There is a dearer ;
Laurina Clare,
I'll laugh at thee forever.

(June, 1867.)

DEATH.

*Great God! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could thy hand that gave such charms,
Blast them again? — THOMAS MOORE.*



THE LONG AGO.

I live in the long ago —
In the memory of the long ago,
When my cheek was pure and white as drifting
snow,
And my youthful heart was all aglow
With love's sweet happiness.

I live in thy life, Annette, —
In the time thou wast in this life, Annette,
Sweet time, near the hoary ruins of Linnerlet,
As life was fair and youth was yet,
We never dreamed Love's sun could set
In the darkness of the tomb !

Ah, those days have long gone by —
Those mellow years have long passed by,

And now my dead soul longs to hie
To her, my spirit love, in realms on high —
In a kingdom where love cannot die
No more than its own cause.

For in youth my youth is spent —
My vigor of youth is withered, spent,
And gone is the light *her* presence lent
To my aimless life; like a guardian angel sent
Was she to guide that life misspent,
And when she died my young heart went
Down, down into the grave!

Ah, I live in the long ago —
In the memory of the long ago,
When my cheek was pure and white as drifting
snow,
And my youthful heart was all aglow
With love's sweet happiness.

(July 17, 1868).



IN DARK DAYS.

The dead, sweet past! It hath to-night
A second birth beneath this sad moon's
light.

No more I'll press her form in silent happiness
and feel her heart

Beating its music soft on mine; she's torn
From me in her young beauty fresh as
morn,

And I am left to feel this nothingness that's
grown of me a part.

In that quiet holiness of land
Cloud-based, called Paradise, amidst a band
Of beings known in man's vocabulary as God's
cherubim,

My loved and lost Ulala knows the fullest
amplitude of rest,—

While tears coursing apace from mortal
eyes,
Bespeak how great earth's loss when good-
ness dies,—
And ever, ever pure as any 'mong the radiant
seraphim,
She pleads in plaintive accents for my erring
soul in God unblest!

Ulala, dead and buried love
Whose better essence's in the Heaven above,
Oh how my soul is restless in its mad desire to
know thee again,—
In its quick, mad desire to part this life
Complete with every harsh and bootless
strife,
This space, called world, the fit abode of
selfishness and soulless men !

(December, 1869).



A DIRGE FOR ONE DEAD.

I have naught left to wish:
My hopes are dead;
And all with her beneath
A marble laid.

— DRUMMOND.

I.

My heart is sad,
No joy it's had
From contact with the world,—
Nor joy, nor song;
The whole day long
In sorrow's gloom 'twas furled.

Within these smiles —
These forced wiles —
That swept my face to-day,
Was a weary heart
That took no part
In the glad world's gayety.

O dream of youth,
Of love and truth,
Foreshadowing perfect years,
The fears, the pain
Choked down, again
Grew strong with added sneers.

II.

Beneath the willows
That kiss the billows
On moaning Elsaweam,
There near the deep,
She sleeps the sleep
That's vexed with never a dream.

O bitter fate,

Less cruel the hate
Of all the world than this —
T' have lost love's light,
To grope in the night,
Without love's word or kiss !

O love so fair,
So pure and rare,
Thy curses slay me fast!
Without a hope,
A wish, I mope
In darkness dim and vast!

(July, 1868.)



EUTHANASIA.

There was a poet whose untimely tomb
No human hands with pious reverence reared—
A lovely youth. No mourning maiden decked
With weeping flowers or votive cypress wreath
The lone couch of his everlasting sleep;
Gentle and brave, and generous, no lorn bard
Breathed o'er his dark fate one melancholy sigh
He lived, he died, he sang in solitude.

— SHELLEY'S "Alastor."

A poet lay upon a couch of pain—
Sad couch that the cold world had made for
him
By bitter taunts and quick reproach, and all
That the sweet singers of a brighter world
Are doomed to undergo in silence and in tears
In this life. He was never understood—
The poet's earthly heritage — and hence

This dark and meaningless existence grew
A burden unto him. Quick-winged Hope
Flew from his breast, and sickness sorely vexed
his mind

Until he prayed for death. And thus his soul
Burst forth with all its agony in words
That spoke the bitter sufferings of his years:

“ Why should I wish to live
In this world of sin again,
When friends have learned to hate,
And life is but a pain ?

“ Why should I wish to live
When sweet Love is dead and cold,
And Hope is bright only
In memories of old ?

“ Why should I wish to live
When my heart is with the dead,
And Sorrow’s bruising path
My daily footsteps tread ?

“ Why should I wish to live
When my soul feels not with earth,

But lives in a self-world
Unknown to smiles and mirth?

“ Why should I wish to live
This same weary life again,
When all I’ve lived for’s dead
And all that’s left is pain? ”

What time the daisies and the violets bloomed,
With all the mockery vast of funerals, man,
Uncaring of him, buried the sweet poet;
But Nature, his great mother, loving and
beloved,
And who had understood him, wept and
mourned his loss.

(June, 1868.)



LAURA MAYNE.

One more unfortunate! — HOOD.

I.

Where are thy tears?
Where are thy fears?
O world, then thou hast none?
What, only jeers,
And haughty sneers?
Is't this her truth has won?

O world, but thou art cold
And selfish, old
And vain ;
For surely 't is but blindness,
To hope by aught but kindness,
To win her back again.

And thou DuVane,
Why dost thou shun her now —
Poor Laura Mayne?
Hast thou so soon forgot
Thy marriage promise — vow —
And else I know not what?

II.

Once she was pretty,
Once she was witty,
And once her soul was innocent;
A seraph from high Aidenn sent
Could not have been more pure,
Could not have been more sure
In 'ts love for thee, DuVane,
Than was sweet Laura Mayne.

The model of existence,
The soul of true persistence,
By man's cursed inconsistence,
She fell! —
Alas to tell —
From heaven to hell!

III.

Now sadly cross her arms
Upon her breast,
And woe to him who harms
Her only rest!
The world was dreary, dreary,
And she was weary, weary;
But now she's God's again!
Ho curses on thee, Guy DuVane,
Deep curses on thee who has slain,
Weak, trusting Laura Mayne!

(May, 1868.)



THE DEATH OF SERGEANT JASPER.

Savannah, October 9, 1779.

I.

Up to the haughty foeman's works the banners
twain are borne,
The *fleur-de-lis* of France, the new-born flag of
Liberty,
For Lincoln and D'Estaing have on their
countries' altars sworn
To plant them o'er Savannah, those proud
emblems of the free.

Up, up the rough and steep ascent both men
and banners mount,
Here the columns of brave Lincoln, there the
columns of the Count;

“ Fire ! ” — see those cannons’ livid mouths and
hear their thunder roar,
That echoes and re-echoes to the Mississippi’s
shore.

Oh, heaven ! see that column waver — form
again — and break.

As if beneath its base had heaved a sudden,
dread earthquake !

“ Charge ! ” — and the columns firmly close ;
again the banners mount. . . .

Now look adown this line ; see o’er the famed
Spring Hill redoubt,

A banner waves, its staff upholds a field of
silken blue ;

’Tis Jasper guards that banner ; never
hand more firm or true

E’er kept a trust more sacredly, nor eager
voice poured out

When time was best, its hopeful joy in more
inspiring shout.

High o’er the Briton’s bastion height that
banner proudly waves,—

That emblem woven by Carolina's fairest hands
for the braves
Who on proud Moultrie's day had dared defend
their country's right
'Gainst England's iron-seried hosts, her chivalry
and might.

Meanwhile the angry battle grows e'er fiercer,
louder still ;
The rifle's momentary flash, the cannon's
monotone,
The victor's buoyant shout, the vanquished
and the dying's groan,
Ring through the startled air as if no rest each
foeman's will
Would claim till victory perched upon his
standard — crowned his own.

A crash ! — oh, see you volley sweep ! — God
save brave Jasper now !
Great heavens, a deadly hue is born upon his
cheek and brow ;
He bleeds — he reels — his hand contracts
around th' unsteady staff, —

But up he springs and presses on — his task is
done but half, —
On, on — no foeman's dastard hand shall
desecrate one fold
Of that proud banner, young in age, in
freedom's battles old !

* * * * *

He's reached a place of safety now ; into a
com'rade's hand
Must fall that charge he bore so nobly for the
band.

The hero's blood is on the plain, his life is
ebbing fast,
And soon up to the realms above his spirit will
have passed ;
With solemn grief his com'rades 'round him
close to bear away
What dying wish or message he would trust
to them ; he sent
In feeble voice these simple words : “ Tell
Mrs. Elliott that

I lost my life to save the flag she gave our
regiment ; " * — —

A shiver — groan — his hand dropped to the
ground, then side by side
Banner and bearer laid ; a prayer — moan —
and Jasper died !

II.

God keeps an everlasting watch and ward over
the grave
Of him who falls beneath the tyrant's arm
in freedom's fight, —
For he who dies for Liberty, who dares with
heart to brave
The tyrant's will, dies too for Him in
falling for the right.

Rest on, brave Jasper, rest ; thy form beneath
th' unconscious sod,
Thy soul beyond the chains of thrall, fears not
th' oppressor's rod.
Rest on, what though the sullen grass that
grows above thy form

Has never known a grateful tear, the moaning,
fitful storm,
More generous than man will weep for thee,
and the swaying trees
Will sing thy requiem as through them sighs the
evening breeze.†
Rest on, a nation yet will wake to crown thee
child of Fame,
And Glory'll cast her glowing beams around thy
sacred name,
While lips unborn, in centuries will sound thy
growing praise
'Till Justice points thy grave, commands :
“ Lay here the laurel bays ! ”

(June, 1869.)

* His exact words were: “ I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my services in the defense of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he should weep, say to him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliott that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment.” (*Vide* “ The Life of General Francis

Marion. By Brigadier-General P. Horry, of Marion's Brigade, and M. L. Weems.'')

† Since this was written (in June, 1869), a monument has been erected to the memory of Sergeant Jasper at Savannah, Georgia, by public subscription.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Sergeant Jasper was paid by Charles C. Jones, Jr., in his address of January 3, 1876, before the Georgia Historical Society: "The place of his sepulture is unmarked. He sleeps with the brave dead of the siege who lie beneath the sod of Savannah. Although no monumental shaft designates his grave, his heroic memory is perpetuated in the gentle murmurs of that perennial spring at our very doors near which one of his most generous deeds was wrought. His name is day by day repeated in a ward of this beautiful city of Oglethorpe whose liberation he died to achieve, is inscribed upon the flag of one of our volunteer companies, and dignifies a county of Georgia whose independence he gave his life to maintain."

MISCELLANEOUS.

*I sing of this, I sing of that—
Just as the mood does take me;
And if I make not sense withal,
Then do my wits forsake me!*

— RALPH LEON HALDIN.



A BRIDAL TOAST.

Come friends fill up
Thus every cup
 To the brim !
With hearts alight,
We'll drink to-night
To the married pair :
 To him,
The proven brave,—
To her, the good, the fair !

Here's health,
And wealth,
With happiness combined
In many a golden year ;
And that they find
Life's path with roses lined,

And so without a fear,
Misfortune's blighting frown,
 Or sorrow's tears,
Thus hand in hand,
Content they may go down
 Life's columned years
Unto the better land !

Then every cup,
Fill up, fill up,
 To the brim !
With hearts alight,
We'll drink to-night
 To the married pair :
 To him,
The proven brave,—
To her, the good, the fair !

(October, 1868.)



THRENODY.

O what is life but a short-lived hour? —
An empty wish, an emptier power?

And what is haughty man though in purple and
kingly grace,
He revels in nameless bliss and rules his short-
timed space?

He fades away from the earth he loved as an
airy dream,
And finds too late that life's things are not
what they seem.

His soul is borne to the golden shore
Beyond whose gates he knows no more.

And the lauded works he built in the vaunted
Temple of Fame,
Survive not long the empty honors of his name.

For they are frail as frail can be,—
And frail as frailty's self is he.

So what is mortal man though in purple and
and kingly grace,
He revels in nameless bliss and rules his
short-timed space?

And what is life but a brief-lived hour? —
An empty wish, an emptier power?

(February, 1869.)



THE DREAM OF FAME.

“Dreams of fame and grandeur
End in bitter tears.”

My friend, I know thou hast a poet’s soul. In
deed and thought
Thou *art* a poet. Yet, oh child of fate
Thy mind, revolving giant hopes, I fear is
linked to naught
But dreams Utopian of a perfect lauded state.

The mind of him whose burial shroud was red
with Etna’s flame
Was peopled too with thoughts of deathless
fame;
Ephesus’ son who gave unto the brand her
boast — his shame —*

Dreamt too in untold years to bear an envied name.

The world is young, yet 'tis long since their names have been forgot'—

Entombed in the arrier-course of rushing Time;

Ah, those of earthly type who rise above the common lot

Are few, no matter how strong the wish, how hard the battle fought

Or what the 'vantage gained, or what the age or clime.

And he whose falchion flashed along the famed Egyptian Nile,

Whose conquering host's he led through Alpine snows †

And the battle smoke of Wagram's desperate field,

At last sleeps well in St. Helena's dead and desolate isle;

Ambition's dreams all wrecked, Napoleon shows

The world the littleness of Fame. Oh
yield

Thou not too much, my friend, to Glory's sweet
ironic smile,

And masked Ambition's call, the sum of all
our woes.

Thy heart responsive beats to siren Hope's
seductive tone,—

I read the purpose in thy pensive eyes,—
Ah, well, if thou *willst* persevere, henceforth
thou art alone;

Thou dost renounce thy heritage ; of sighs
And tears a new world thou must make,— a
world all, all thine own ;

Far oh, Ambition born once never dies,
And all our tears and pains and heart regrets
will ne'er atone
For idle dreams and hopes of power not
otherwise !

I know thou would'st not battle but in the cause
of Right,

Thou wouldest not deck thy brow with laurels
 won in unjust fight ;
Then up, sweet friend, thus clad in armor
 glorious,
Up, up, fling out thy standard, battle in thy
 royal might,
Nor rest thee till thou art world-crowned with
 deeds victorious !

(July 25, 1868.)

* The magnificent Temple of Diana at Ephesus, *supposed* to have been burnt by one Erostratus on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great, B. C. 356. When asked his motives for such a deed he answered : “A yearning for immortality!” This temple was the largest ever erected by the Greeks; its length was four hundred and twenty-five feet, its width two hundred and twenty feet, and its columns one hundred and twenty-eight in number, were sixty feet high.

† His falchion flashed along the Nile,
 His hosts he led through Alpine snows.

— REV. JOHN PIERPONT’S “Napoleon at Rest.”



ARKADI: A FRAGMENT.

Arkadi ! land of the unbarren mountain,
The verdant field and crystal flowing
fountain ;
Land of the ever-rippling, laughing brook ;
Land of the distant poet's wishful look ;
Home of the mountain hunter and shepherd,
Where heavenly, entrancing music's heard ;
Thou vastest monument of Time,
Majestic, grand — thereat sublime,
What though among thy sons there's not a
deathless name,
Arkadi, still, imperishable is thy fame !

(May, 1867.)



O MORTAL BE NOT PROUD.

O mortal blessed in being great,
Though pride, strong in thy sex's bosom, may
elate

The baser elements of thy soul, let not
Its power teach thee scorn the poorer name,
And thereat lesser fame,
That fills thy brother's earthly lot.

Nor boast that in the boundaries wide,
Where greatness and its praise abide,
Thou hast a second life through thy fair
name ;
The glory and the power of this earth
Are short-timed and of little worth, —
Hence little only canst thou claim.

'Twas only the kinder moods of Fate
Capriced to make thee great,—

That Fate most perfect from the hand of God ;
Bethink thee that the glory of thy name may
fade —

Grow dim before the gloom of Age's shade,

And that with thee beneath the sod,
All, all thou wert, and art, and will be, may be
laid !

Then mortal be not over-proud
Of the great, envied shroud
Light girdled on thy shoulders, but uplift
Thy soul to sweet communion with the Great

Above

Who clad thee in the precious gift,
And prove thy manlihood by Honor and by
Love !

(September 28, 1869.)

THE END.

Dr. De Menil's Literature of The Louisiana Territory.

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